**Side 1 - Helena**

'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I

That chase thee from thy country and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the none-sparing war? and is it I

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark

Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,

That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord.

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;

Whoever charges on his forward breast,

I am the caitiff that do hold him to't;

And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected: better 'twere

I met the ravin lion when he roar'd

With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere

That all the miseries which nature owes

Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,

As oft it loses all: I will be gone;

My being here it is that holds thee hence:

Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although

The air of paradise did fan the house

And angels officed all: I will be gone,

That pitiful rumour may report my flight,

To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!

For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.